

DOWN AT MADAM DOOLEY'S BEAUTY SHOP



WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
ALBERT VON TILZER

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"Down At Madam Dooley's Beauty Shop"

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Allegro moderato

Vamp

VOICE

Talk a-bout your bat-tle fields in Eur-ope — With their screams of tor-ture in the air —
When old age at wom-en points his fin-ger — Mad-am Doo-ley make them like a Queen — She

We've a place right here that's worse than Europe, — With suf-fer-ing and pow-der ev-'ry where —
iron them out and runs them through a Wrin-ger — And make the wrinkles go with kero - sene — With

It's a lit-tle par-lor where they fix up for a dol-lar An - y wo-man's face that needs re - pair —
ether Doo-ley fills them while the Miss us nearly kills them Inch by inch she takes off all the skin —

Like their for - eign cous - ins, they are dy - ing by the doz - ens But all they're dy - ing is their hair —
You can hear them screach - ing, and for mer - cy keep be - seech - ing They shave them with a piece of tin —

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CHORUS

Down at Mad-am Doo-ley's Beauty Par-lor ——— The way they treat those girls they make them hol-ler ———
 Down at Mad-am Doo-ley's Beauty Par-lor ——— They put a fat girl in a thir-teen col-lar ———

They squeeze them in with la-ces, and cal-som-ine their fa-ces They boil them out with va-por
 Old Lad-ies in their eighties, they make like new born ba-bies They take a lit-tle pim-ple

and scrapethem with sand-pa-per, Doub-le chins made sin-gle for a dol-lar ——— They poke them and they
 and make a lit tle dimple, They can chase their freck-les with Dutch Clean-ser ——— And baketheir lit-tle

chokethem'tillthey drop ——— A poor round should-ered girl went in and took the test ——— They
 corns un-til they pop ——— A girl went in who had been cross-eyed man-y years ——— And

turned her head a-round and now she's got "some" chest ——— A girl re-moved her moles, It left her full of
 ev-ry time she cried the tears went in her ears ——— They turned them back a-gain, and she rolled them at the

holes men Down at Mad-am Doo-ley's Beau-ty Shop. ——— Shop. ———
 Down at Mad-am Doo-ley's Beau-ty Shop. ——— Shop. ———

HAVE THIS SONG PLAYED FOR YOU!

YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN IN DIXIE

AND THE MOON BEGINS TO RISE

Words by
CHAS. Mc CARRON

Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER

CHORUS

When the sun goes down in Dix - ie, And the moon be-gins to rise, That's the hour down in

a tempo

Dix - ie, When the dark-ies har-mon - ize. Old Un-cle Joe you'll sure-ly see,

With his ban-jo on his knee, And my lit-tle sis-ter Han-nah, at the old pi-an-a,

Pick-in' out a mel-o - dy. Come to think a-bout it, I'm go-ing back to the scenes of my

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